Stag

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/9809420.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Will is a Red stag, Hannibal is a ravenstag, Gender fluid Will
Language:	English
Series:	Part 25 of HanniGram One-Shots
Stats:	Published: 2017-02-18 Completed: 2017-03-21 Words: 913 Chapters: 2/2

Stag

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Will was a large, beautiful stag- smooth antlers, soft fur, and quite a large rack. The problem? He has the reproductive organs of both genders, which made him an outsider. When he was impregnated by the leader of there herd he was more or less banished...

Chapter 1

Will was a large, beautiful stag- smooth antlers, soft fur, and quite a large rack. The problem? He has the reproductive organs of both genders, which made him an outsider. When he was impregnated by the leader of there herd he was more or less banished. He was determined to be the weakest link in the herd as his belly expanded he became unable to keep up with the herd.

They left him; cold, hungry, and alone. Will curled up under a small cliff top, watching his breath freeze as it exited his nose. Then he saw a strange shadow, he was up and ready to defend himself in moments. The shadow strode out of the tree line into the light of the moon. He was breath taking short, black feathers instead of fur, deep maroon eyes, antlers which size rivaled his own, and a large, strong built. He lowered himself in almost a bow Will took it as a sign of good intent and bowed in return.

"I am Hannibal, I mean you no harm." The darker stag spoke. Will laid down to observe the other, "I am Will, where is your herd?"

"They died when I was a young fawn, I have been alone since. Where is yours?" Hannibal slowly approached Will.

"They... Ah... Left me," Will rubbed his antlers on the rocks, "in case you haven't noticed I'm not exactly normal"

"I see no issue," Hannibal sat down close to Will and laid his head on Will's stomach. Will huffed, he didn't know why but, he trusted Hannibal.

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Over the long winter Hannibal and Will became there own herd. Hannibal generally provided the food and Will found them a warm cave to sleep in. Hannibal would kill any predator that dare touch his beloved Will. Which generally ended with Will nuzzling him and licking him clean.

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They only had one problem a Hunter. Will had never encountered one and Hannibal had encountered too many, so when Hannibal saw the blaze-orange of a hunting vest he hurried back to the cave they currently called home, "Will?"

"Yes?" Will looked up at him with worry.

"Hide," Hannibal heard the tell tale crunch of boots on dry leaves and huffed. The hunter clicked the safety on his gun and Hannibal faced him wide stance, head lowered, ready to charge. Will clicked his hoof on the ground distracting the hunter long enough for Hannibal to charge him and impale him. The hunter died upon impact with the wall of the cave and was dragged to a stream. When Hannibal returned to there cave he nuzzled into Will licking

his swollen stomach, enjoying the feeling of the fawn pushing against his muzzle, annoyed at the intrusion of its current home. Will curled against Hannibal's warm body, nosing the feathers along his shoulders.

"Are you okay, Will?" the ravenstag urged.

"Yes, are you?" the stag licked his ear.

"Of course," Hannibal licked Will's nose. Will dropped his head on his shoulder and fell asleep.

The Not-so-epic Conclusion

Will curled in on himself trying to releive some of the pressure in his lower abdomen. This had been going on for hours and Hannibal was out insearch of food. After another intense and painful hour Will finally pushed out a small brown-red calf and curled around her to protect her from the fridged winter air. She made soft mewls as Will licked her clean.

Hannibal came back with a few branches covered in berries for them. He dropped them near the entrance of the cave and muzzled Will's side. Will made a deep, threatening noise at him.

"Shhh, Will it's just me," Hannibal purred. Will tucked his snout in Hannibal's feathers. They both heard a rather loud, demanding mewls causing Hannibal to jump a bit. Will snorted happily and nudged the calf's- Abigail as Will decided to call her- nose with his own. Hannibal curled around them, and Abby stuck her nose deep in his feathers causing her to sneeze. Will snorted and nudged her toward Hannibal. Abby pushed herself up on shaky legs and flopped on Hannibal's soft belly. Will grabbed a branch and picked the berries of the ends.

-A few months later-

The three of them decided to take an adventure down to the stream for the first time this spring and take Abby there for the first time. Abby trotted down to the water tentatively sticking one leg in the water. Hannibal bounced into the stream soaking himself and Abigail.

"Not cool, Papa," Abby whined. Hannibal's ears dropped in mock sadness. Abby clambered into yhe deeper water and bumped her nose into Hannibal's. In turn he licked a broad stripe across her muzzle and trotted off.

Will watched them run and play from the shade of a large oak tree. Abby was doubling in size all of the time, it seemed. Will worries about her still especially after the death of his first calf. He was severely undersized and as a result he was killed by his other parent. But, Hannibal seemed to love he as if she was his own flesh and blood. For that Will was forever grateful.

Hannibal rubbed his wet feathers against Will's side effectively pulling him out of his trance. Will bumped into Hannibal with his hip as he bounded off toward the stream to splash around with Abigail. They all played around until the sun began to dip below the horizon. Then, they all went home to sleep for the day.

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